

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO  
THE HAUNT OF  
FEAR



NO. 17

SEPT-OCT

EDGAR



10¢

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# NIGHTMARE!

A  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
STUDY



ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEES HAS FALLEN TO HIS DEATH FROM A SCAFFOLD. NOW, AT HIS BURIAL, YOU STAND BESIDE HIS SORROWING WIFE AS SHE SEEMS TO CONTROL A RISING TIDE OF HYSTERIA. THE MONOTONOUS DRONE OF THE EULOGY HAS ONLY ADDED TO THE MISERABLE FEELING OF TENSION YOU FEEL... AND AS YOU STAND THERE, THE ONLY SOUND YOU HEAR IS THE PATTERN OF THE DRIZZLING RAIN BANGING ON YOUR HAT BRIM...



UNTIL NOW THE WIDOW HAS BEEN  
SILENT AND MOTIONLESS. BUT AS  
THE PALL-BEARERS STEP FORWARD...

NO! STOP! DON'T LOWER THE  
CASKET! IT'S EMPTY! THE  
CASKET IS EMPTY!

DEAR MRS.  
SHE'S HYSTERICAL!



YOU TRY TO QUIET THE WOMAN,  
BUT HAVE NO SUCCESS. FINALLY,  
TO APPEASE HER, THE CASKET  
IS OPENED...

GOOD HEAVENS!  
SHE WAS RIGHT!  
THE CASKET IS  
EMPTY!

EMPTY? BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!



HOW CAN  
WE HAVE A  
FUNERAL  
WITHOUT A  
CORPSE?

A FUNERAL  
HAS TO  
HAVE A  
BODY!

YES?  
WE MUST  
FIND  
ONE!



OF COURSE!  
WE MUST  
GET A BODY!  
BUT WHERE?

I DON'T CARE WHERE!  
I JUST WANT WE HAVE A  
BODY FOR MY POOR  
HUSBAND'S BURIAL!

WAIT! WE  
HAVE A BODY  
RIGHT HERE!



MY HUSBAND'S  
EMPLOYER? YES?  
EXCELLENT!

WE'LL MAKE  
A FINE  
BODY!

WHAT? SAY WHAT?  
IS THIS? ARE YOU  
ALL INSANE?



NO! STOP! FOR GOOD  
SAKE, LET ME GO!  
STOP! PLEASE!  
YOU CAN'T BURY  
ME! I'M  
ALIVE!

HURRY!  
HURRY!  
PUSH HIM  
IN! PUSH  
HIM IN!

QUICK, NOW!  
CLOSE THE  
TOP DOWN!  
WE'LL HAVE  
TO NAIL HIM IN!



HELPS! HELPS! WHA, WHAT? WHERE OH THANK HEAVEN! I'VE BEEN DREAMING! THOSE BLASTED NIGHTMARES! I'M I'M SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!



YOU ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO SLEEP, SO YOU SIT IN A CHAIR AND READ...

CONFOUND IT... I'M SO EXHAUSTED! CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I'D BETTER GET YAWN-N-N, DRESSED AND TAKE A WALK!



LEAVING YOUR HOUSE, YOU ROAM THROUGH DESERTED STREETS TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...

MISERABLE WEATHER! I WISH MORNING WERE HERE! GETTING TO BE A NERVIOUS...

WHAT'S THAT?



ABOVE THE HOWLING RAIN YOU THINK YOU HEAR A CRY FOR HELP? YOU AREN'T CERTAIN SO YOU WAIT, STRAINING YOUR EARS TO LISTEN AND IT COMES AGAIN!

SOMEONE IS CALLING! IT'S COMING FROM OUT THERE IN THE FIELD SOMEWHERE!



YOU CRAWL THROUGH THE FENCE AND BEGIN TO SEARCH FOR WHOEVER HAS CALLED. THE DRIVING RAIN BLINDS YOUR VISION AND YOU STRUGGLE TO KEEP WALKING, FOR THE MUDDY SLUR IS TREACHEROUS... GRASPING...

SLIPS! LIKE WALKING THROUGH A FIELD OF GLUE! (GASP) CAN'T... CAN'T LIFT MY FOOT! SO MUDDY... KEEP SINKING DEEPER.



DESPERATELY, YOU SUMMON ALL YOUR STRENGTH! YOU TRY TO FREE YOURSELF... AND THEN SUDDENLY... AS YOU SINK DEEPER... YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE STUM- BLED INTO... NOT A MUD HOLE! BUT A HURDLE, SUCH- THE BOO OF DOCKS AND!

OH, LORD... HELP ME! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS! IT'S JUST LIKE ALL MY NIGHTMARES! I'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!



PAIN-STRIKEN, YOU FLAIL YOUR ARMS, SCREAM- ING AS LOUD AS YOU CAN! TEARS RUN FROM YOUR EYES AND WAVES OF TERROR SHAKE YOUR SWEAT- COVERED BODY! YOU ARE INSANE WITH FEAR! THE QUICKSAND IS ABOVE YOUR CHEST, NOW, OVER YOUR CHIN! THEN COMES THE GUTTY, GARGLING SENSATION AS THE SAND FLOODS IN YOUR MOUTH... THE CHOKING SUFFOCATION AS IT CLOSES YOUR NOSTRILS... AND THEN BURNING, EMPTY DARKNESS.





"I HURRIED THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD SEEKING THE SOURCE OF THE VOICE I HAD HEARD. ALL AT ONCE, I CAME UPON A MAUSOLEUM. ITS DOOR STOOD AJAR..."



"SOMEHOW I KNEW THAT THE VOICE HAD COME FROM WITHIN. I ENTERED... I SAW A CASKET, ITS LID CLOSED... AND FROM INSIDE IT I HEARD THE VOICE CALLING MY NAME!"



"I RUSHED TO THE CASKET... FLUNG OPEN THE TOP! AND THEN..."

"ALL A THING REACHED UP OUT OF THE COFFIN AND GRABBED ME! A SCREAM STRANGLING AND DIED IN MY THROAT AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, THIS THING HAD... HAD PULLED ME INTO THE COFFIN!"



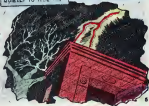
"THE LID SLAMMED SHUT! I FOUGHT FRANTICALLY TO OPEN IT, BUT... THE THING WRAPPED ITS ARMS ABOUT ME IN AN IRON GRASP AND HOLD ME DOWN! I BEGAN SCREAMING!"



"THE THING ONLY HELD ME TIGHTER! AS I FOUGHT AND STRUGGLED TO FREE MYSELF, I SENSED THAT THIS INHUMAN CREATURE WAS LAUGHING AT ME. FOR IT SEEMED THAT ITS MOUTH WAS TWISTED IN A WICKED SMILE! AFTER A WHILE I CEASED FIGHTING! MY BODY WENT LIMP, AND MY FACE RESTED ON THE FACE OF THE THING. I DOZZED QUIETLY IN DESPAIR..."



"SOON EVERY BREATH RACKED MY LUNGS WITH DEARING PAIN! I GASPED AND PANTED FOR AIR... AIR! BUT THE THING ONLY DRINKED INTO MY FACE AND HELD ME TIGHTER! AS I LAY THERE DYING, I COULD HEAR THE CRASHING OF THUNDER... AND MINGLED WITH IT I HEARD THE THING CHUCKLING QUIETLY TO ITSELF..."









ARE YOU KIDDING?  
IT'S LUNCH TIME!  
I HAVEN'T EATEN  
YET! JOIN ME?

NO... NO, PAUL!  
THANKS, BUT  
I'VE ALREADY EATEN!



OHAY! I'LL  
SEE YOU  
LATER, IF  
YOU DON'T  
GO BACK  
TO THE  
OFFICE!

YEAH, SURE!  
SO LONG!

THE MEN HAVE BEEN READING  
THE WOODEN FRAMES INTO WHICH  
THE CEMENT IS POURED TO FORM  
THE BUILDING'S FOUNDATION, WHEN  
THE CEMENT DRIES, THESE FORMS  
WILL BE REMOVED!



HMM... EVERYTHING'S ALL SET FOR  
THE CEMENT TO BE POURED IN!  
THAT'S GOOD! WE'RE RIGHT ON  
SCHEDULE!

YOU NOSE ABOUT INSIDE THE FORMS, CHECKING  
ON MEASUREMENTS, MAKING SURE ALL IS OKAY.



HMM... SPECIFICATIONS  
ARE CORRECT! NICE.  
NEAT JOB, TOO...  
(YAWN) GOSH, BUT  
I'M SLEEPY!



WELL... LUNCH HOUR IS  
OVER! TIME TO GET  
BACK TO WORK...  
HEY!

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER  
WITH YOU?



THEY'RE GONNA POUR THE  
FOUNDATION FOR THAT  
SECTION OF THE BUILDING!  
AND MR. SEVERIN'S DOWN  
IN THE FORMS!

HOLT SMOKE!  
THEY DON'T SEE HIM!  
MR. SEVERIN!  
LOOK OUT!



THE MACHINERY DOWN  
THERE IS MAKING  
TOO MUCH NOISE!  
HE DIDN'T HEAR YOU  
HEY! MR. SEVERIN!  
MR. SEVERIN!  
LOOK OUT!

MR. SEVERIN!  
MR. SEVERIN!

THAT'S STRANGE!  
I COULD SWEAR I  
HEARD SOMEONE  
CALLING ME!  
AND WHAT'S ALL  
THAT NOISE?



GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE GOING  
TO POUR THE FOUNDATION! THEY  
DON'T KNOW I'M HERE! I'VE  
GOT TO GET OUT!...  
WAIT A MINUTE...



WHAT AM I WORRIED ABOUT? THIS  
IS JUST LIKE ANOTHER NIGHT-  
MARE! I HEAR MY NAME CALLED  
AND THEN I'M BURIED ALIVE...  
HA!



I WON'T BE POOLED THIS TIME! HA! HA! HA!  
I'M PROBABLY SLEEPING ON THE COUCH IN DR.  
PROY'S OFFICE! HA! HA! WAIT! I'LL WAKE  
UP... WILL I TELL HIM A STORY? O'MAN! BEING  
ON THE GEMET! THIS IS JUST  
ANOTHER DREAM!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE KNOWS  
WHAT WAS HAPPENING! HE COULD  
HAVE WOKEN UP IN TIME! BUT  
HE JUST STOOD THERE, LAUGHING!  
LIKE IT WAS A BIG JOKE! CAN'T  
THEY GET HIM OUT?

SURE! BUT IT WON'T DO  
ANY GOOD! HE'S DEAD  
BY NOW! GEE, I'M  
SURE GLAD IT WASN'T  
ME THAT WAS BURIED  
ALIVE!



-THE  
END-

Ah... THE THIN LINE THAT SEPARATES THE PHYSICAL FROM THE SPIRITUAL... THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD! THIS IS A STORY ABOUT THE LIVING AND THE DEAD! WHO WOULD SUSPECT THIS GRUESOME STORY COULD START ON A COMMONPLACE TELEVISION SET... ON MILLIONS OF TELEVISION SETS... IN MILLIONS OF HOMES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! BUT ENOUGH! LET US BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING... THE BEGINNING OF THE TALE OF...

# TELEVISION TERROR!

A JOURNEY  
INTO THE  
SUPERNATURAL

WE FIND OURSELVES IN AN AVERAGE AMERICAN HOME! THE RABBIT FAMILY HAS JUST FINISHED SUPPER...





SINCE THEN, SIXTY YEARS AGO, NO ONE HAS LIVED IN THE CREEDMORE MANSION! IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT AMONGST THE NEIGHBOURS THAT CREEDMORE MANSION IS HAUNTED!



WELL... HA HA! ON WITH THE SHOW! LET'S BE OFF TO SEE THE SPIRITS, GHOSTS AND SANDS! HA-HA-HA!



WELL... LET ME EXPLAIN, FOLKS! THIS TRIP WILL BE NO FAKE... NO, SIR! I SAID I WAS GOING INTO A REAL HAUNTED HOUSE, AND BY GOLS... I AM! I HAVE HERE A SPECIAL PORTABLE TELEVISION CAMERA WITH A POWERFUL SPOT LIGHT! SEE... I'M GOING TO TURN THE TELEVISION ON, THE POWER TRUCK... LEAVE IT ON... WHEN I THEN AS I WALK UP AND INTO THE HOUSE, I'LL FEEL OUT A CABLE... I CAN HAVE MY CAMERA CONNECTED TO THE POWER TRUCK AT ALL TIMES! THEN THERE'LL BE JUST THE PROFESSOR, MYSELF, AND FIVE OF THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE!



THE PROFESSOR WILL ROOT OUT THE SPIRITS AND I'LL TAKE THEIR PICTURE, HEY, PROF! HA-HA!

I WARN YOU, MR. HUNT! THE WORLD OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY!



WELL... THERE THEY GO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AL HUNT WITH HIS SPECIAL CAMERA REELING OUT THE CABLE, AND PROF. POLTERGEIST WITH HIS LITTLE SUITCASE OF GHOST HUNTING EQUIPMENT!



... NOW FOLKS, WE'RE READY TO GO INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE! HA-HA-HA! AT THIS POINT, THE ENGINEERS WILL SWITCH YOU OVER TO THE CAMERA THAT I'M CARRYING.



HERE WE GO, FOLKS! YOU FIRST, PROFESSOR! HA! HA!

NOW I WARN YOU, MR. HUNT! IF THERE ARE EVIL SPIRITS HERE, YOU MAY BE ENGULFED BY A TERRIBLE DEPRESSION! IN ANY EVENT, KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU!



... NOW THAT WE'RE INSIDE I'LL JUST SET THE CAMERA DOWN HERE ON THE FLOOR SO THAT WE CAN WALK AROUND IN FRONT OF IT! ... THERE!



WOOF! ISN'T THIS THE SPookiest HOUSE YOU'VE EVER SEEN, FOLKS! HA-HA! WELL, PROF, FIND ANY SHOCKS YET? HEH! OOD IT'S ANFULLY COLD IN HERE!



YOU MAY LAUGH, MR. HUNT, BUT I SENSE THE PRESENCE OF SOMETHING VERY STRONG!

HA! OUT IT OUT, PROF! YOU'LL SCARE OUR AUDIENCE TO DEATH!

NEVERTHELESS, I DO SENSE A PRESENCE VERY DEFINITELY... AND SENSATIONS SEEM TO COME FROM UPSTAIRS!



I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO INVESTIGATE, MR. HUNT! YOU MAY FOLLOW ME IF YOU SO DESIRE!

UPSTAIRS? SURE, WE'LL GO UPSTAIRS IN A WHILE! BUT FIRST LET ME SHOW THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE AROUND THIS ROOM! HA-HA!



WELL, FOLKS, THE PROFESSOR IS PUTTERING  
AROUND UPSTAIRS! BAH-H! I CAN HEAR HIS FOOT-  
STEPS MOVING ABOVE ME! THIS PLACE IS...  
HAH... *REALLY GHOSTLY!* WEE-EH! LET'S SEE  
NOW! I'LL SWING THIS  
CAMERA AROUND!



SAY! LOOK HERE! A PAINTING! MUST BE OLD  
MAN GROOMMORE! SURE LOOKS... LOOKS... DOWN-  
RIGHT MEAN! HEH! SEE... THE CHILL GETS  
YOU RIGHT TO THE B-BONE!



AND THIS MUST'VE BEEN THE MISSUS!  
SOME DISH, HUH FOLKS? STRANGE! IT'S SO  
ICY COLD IN THIS CORNER OF THE  
B-B-ROOM!



HA-HA! FUNNY! THIS PLACE MUST BE REALLY  
GETTING ME! NOW I'M BEGINNING TO HEAR  
THINGS! ALL SORTS TO SHOW YOU HOW YOU  
IMAGINE THINGS WHEN YOU'RE... WELL...  
SCARED!



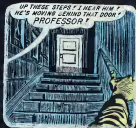
MUST BE THE  
WIND! SOUNDS  
LIKE DRIVING OF  
CLOTH OVER  
THE FLOOR... ALL  
AROUND



PROFESSOR IS STILL MOVING ABOUT UPSTAIRS!  
GUESS I'LL GO UP AND JOIN HIM! PHEW...  
WO'N'T WE ALL BE GLAD WHEN *THIS PROGRAM'S*  
OVER! NOW, LET ME LIFT THE CAMERA.









## REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Carstairs awoke with a start: his forehead was damp with ice-cold perspiration and the twisted bedclothes attested to the fact that his slumber had been turbulent. He passed a shaky hand over his throbbing eyes and tried hard to swallow the lump of fear that was caught in his throat like 'biter-gall'. It was by all odds the most terrible dream he had ever experienced . . . its crystalline clearness and urgency made it a horrible nightmare. A shudder trembled visibly down his slender body.

Carstairs kicked the blankets away and his feet slid to the carpet. He rose almost convulsively and stumbled across to the bathroom. By main effort he was able to turn on the faucet and slosh cold water over his face and neck. He staggered back to his bedroom and slumped into the easy chair next to the window. His dream had been as clear as anything he ever remembered happening to him. Even now he felt a shiver of fear when he thought of the door rap on the door and his padding over to it to throw it open. In his dream he had seen a tall man standing there in the hallway—a man he had never seen before, with a vicious white scar running from temple to throat—a man who was so life-like that Carstairs' mind's-eye saw had a perfect picture of him.

"They're close behind me," the man had said breathlessly, forcing his way into the room and bending Carstairs aside as he did so.

Carstairs had glanced at the man suddenly whirled and faced him. He had watched an

alien terror as a weird, giant, came to the stranger's eye and the man slowly removed his enormous hands from his pockets, approaching closer and closer. And then in an instant Carstairs felt those grotesque hands digging into his neck . . . felt a sob stifled in his throat . . . felt the blackness close in on him as his consciousness was choked out of him.

Carstairs had awakened in a cold-sweat. Even now he could almost feel the strangling sensation in his throat . . . even now, with all the light and Carstairs felt himself slowly relaxing and he inhaled deeply on the cigarette he had lit a moment before with shaking fingers. With each puff, blessed normalcy seemed to surge over him.

Man there been that internal midnight snarl. He groined to himself as he settled deeper into the easy chair. "On these dream-like weather and timing radio, he begins about the same time Miller's coming this afternoon from the Arizona desert in Tucson."

There was instant rage on his face and Carstairs bowed up in terror. But his terror soon faded as he crossed the room, having company when he was so solitary night he just what he needed.

Carstairs' hand turned on the knob and the door swung open. In the hallway stood a tall man Carstairs couldn't seem to place. The overhead light traced a long running jaggedly from the stranger's temple down to his throat.

Carstairs left the bathroom, creeping up on him again. "They're close behind me," the stranger was saying breathlessly.

SOMEWHERE...SOMEWHERE ON THIS EARTH, THERE'S A HIDEOUS...THING...  
PEERING INTO DIMMED WINDOWS, STALKING LONELY STREETS, LURKING IN  
THE SHADOWS... THE FANTASTIC CREATION OF FRUSTRATED GENIUS, THE  
FRIGHTFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE...

# MONSTER MAKER!

A SCIENTIFIC  
SUSPENSE STORY

ONE DULMOR AFTERNOON... IN THE  
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SURGEON OF  
LONDON HOSPITAL... A DEPRESSING,  
UNPLEASANT DUTY WAS BEING  
PERFORMED...

"I'M SORRY, DOCTOR  
KOWLEBACH, BUT YOU CAN REALIZE  
MY POSITION... I'M BEING FORCED  
INTO THIS DECISION..."

"BUT  
DOCTOR? AFTER ALL THE  
YEARS... THE WORK... SACRI-  
FICE... THE SUCCESS? NOW  
THIS?"

"I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, JOHN..."

"VERY WELL!  
VERY WELL!  
BUT UPON MY  
RETURN, YOU SHALL  
HAVE SOMETHING TO  
REHOLD? INDEED,  
TO REHOLD!"



THOUGHTFULLY, THE DEJECTED DOCTOR RAVENSCAR PASSED THROUGH THE FOG AND GLOOM.

LONG REST? DAH! THEY DON'T POOL ME ONE BIT! OVERLOOK MY FABULOUS SUCCESS, BUT SEIZE UPON TRIVIAL FAILURES!



WAIT, JUST WAIT! QUICK WHITSLY! WE'RE LEAVING AT ONCE! PACK OUR EQUIPMENT, OUR INSTRUMENTS!



A DURNING MEMORY OF RAVENSCAR'S WRATH EMMAILED WHITSLY'S CLAMMY HANDS TO GUIDE THE ONCE-ON SKILLFULLY, HASTELY NORTHWARD, TOWARD THE SEA!

FASTER, YOU DON'T DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!



FRUSTRATION HIS SOUL-MATE, THE CELEBRATED BRANLINGSOON ENTERED HIS LUXURIOUS HOME. HIS LABORATORY ASSISTANT, WHITSLY, LISTENED INTENTLY TO THE DEAPPOINTING TURN OF EVENTS.

THEY'VE TURNED YOU OUT? B-BUT WHY? BECAUSE THE OPERATIONS FAILED? PROVED FATAL?



BECAUSE OF THREE FAILURES IN SUCCESSION, THREE DEATHS IN A ROW! IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE! BUT NOT ME! THEY CALLED THEM SIMPLE OPERATIONS!



AND GET THE CAR!

Y-YES, DOCTOR!



THE MAD JOURNEY FINISHED, THE EXHAUSTED WHITSLY BROUGHT THE CAR TO A FINAL HALT! THERE, ON THE CLIFF'S EDGE, STOOD THE CASTLE OF RAVENSCAR, OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SEA AND DESOLATE MOOR.

AHH! THERE IT IS! THERE IT IS, JUST AS IT WAS BUILT HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO BY MY ANCESTORS!



HIS COMMANDS HAVING TURNED WHITELY TO MANY TASKS, THE DOCTOR SPENT THE ENTIRE NIGHT REVIEWING HIS LONG YEARS OF SECRET RESEARCH.

AM, YES?

YES, I'M *READY*! THE WORLD SHALL EMERGE ME!

NEXT MORNING, THOUGH THE SUN HAD SCARCELY DISSOLVED THE GRIEL OF THAT REGION, RAVENSCAR HAD ALREADY BEGUN THE PROCUREMENT OF LARGE QUANTITIES OF METAL, GLASS, CHEMICALS, LABORATORY EQUIPMENT.

THEY DON'T HAVE IT? TELL THEM TO *GET IT*! SPARE NO COST!



MONTHS PASSED... BUT ENLISTING THE MANY CRAFTSMEN OF THE COUNTRYSIDE, RAVENSCAR SUCCESSFULLY DIRECTED THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE CASTLE'S GIANT KITCHEN INTO A FANTASTIC LABORATORY!



BUT WHAT'S IT FOR?

NEVER MIND! YOU'VE BEEN PAID! GET OUT!

THAT EVENING, A VIOLENT STORM CHOKED THE SEA, AND SEETHED ABOUT THE TOWERS OF THE OLD CASTLE. BUT RAVENSCAR WAS PREOCCUPIED BY HIS MOST INSPIRING EXPERIMENT.



THE BRAIN ALIVE! FED.

DOCTOR! DOCTOR! A SHIPWRECK! A MAN WASHING UP ONTO THE SHORE! HE'LL BE DROWNED.



HE... HE'S DEAD!

SUCKER! *ADD IT*! UP TO THE LAB WITH HIM! I HAVE AN IDEA... *WHAT AN IDEA!*



DROWNED?



DOWN, DOWN THEY RACED, DOWN THROUGH THE MUSTY PASSAGES TO THE BATTERED OLD GRUSSELN'S COVE HUNDREDS OF FEET BENEATH THE CASTLE.

IS THERE ON THE ROCK?





THE EXHAUSTING CLIMB TO THE LAB DID NOT ALTER RAVENSCAR'S WILD ENTHUSIASM

ON THE SLAB THAT'S IT! NOW QUICK WHITSLY! THE BRAIN! GET THE BRAIN!

Y-YOU MEAN?



YES! YES! THE APE'S BRAIN! WE'VE NOURISHED IT! KEPT IT ALIVE! WHY TRANSFER IT TO A DOG? WE HAVE A MAN! WHY NOT A MAN? WHY NOT? HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HURRY YOU! FOOL!



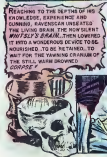
THE IMPACT OF RAVENSCAR'S FANTASTIC DECISION COMPLETELY UNRAVELED THE EMOTIONAL WHITSLY! HIS LEGS WEAKING, HANDS TREMBLING, HE...

Y-THE BRAIN! Y-YOU'VE DROPPED IT! YOU YOU STUPID FOOL! YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! NOW WE HAVE NO BRAIN!



WAIT WE DO HAVE A BRAIN! A MAN'S BRAIN! YOUR BRAIN!

OH-HUH N-NO! NO! NO! PLEASE! PLEASE! AAAAAAAAAHHH!



REACHING TO THE DEPTHS OF HIS KNOWLEDGE, EXPERIENCE AND GUNNING, RAVENSCAR UNVEILED THE LIVING BRAIN THE NOW SILENT WHITSLY'S BRAIN... THEN LOWERED IT INTO A WONDEROUS DEVICE TO BE NOURISHED... TO BE RETAINED... TO WAIT FOR THE YAWNING CRANUM OF THE STILL WARM DROPPED CORPSE!



COMPLETE! WHITSLY'S BRAIN IN THE CORPSE'S SKULL! NOW THE PULSATOR... MUST HURRY!



RAVENSCAR SLIDED THE GIANTIC PULSATING NEEDLE TO THE METALLIC DISC COVERING THE HEART! IT ROVERS DIRECTLY ABOVE, AND... DOWN!

LIVE! LIVE!



THE HAND IS  
MOVING! ALIVE!  
IT'S ALIVE!

AGHHHHH!



THE WORLD WILL WORSHIP ME  
BUT HE CAN'T SEE! THE LIGHT  
IT'S BLINDING HIM! NEEDS A... A  
MASK!

AGHHHHH!  
AGHHHHH!



RAVENSCAR HASTILY REMOVED THE  
HUGE NEEDLE AND DARKENED THE  
ROOM! THEN FASHIONING A LARGE  
BLACK HOOD.

IT'S STOPPED  
SCREAMING!

CAN YOU SPEAK?  
DO YOU HEAR ME?



THE RETURNING LIGHT AND  
INSTANT APPROACH OF  
RAVENSCAR EXPOSED THE  
LIVING CORPSE! IT  
SCREAMED AND  
THREADED...

NO! NO! DON'T! I WON'T  
HARM YOU! WAIT! WAIT!  
STAY THERE!



AGHHHHH!

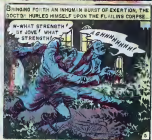
HE'S BLIND! CAN'T  
SEE! HE'LL GO OFF THE  
CLIFF! MUST CATCH  
HIM!



BLINDLY, THE STRANGE CREATURE CRASHED  
THROUGH THE THICK BRUCCERY AND RACED OUT ONTO THE  
MOON.

AGHHHHH!

HE'S WEAVING!  
I'LL GOAT HIM OFF  
DIRECTLY!



BRINGING FORTH AN INHUMAN BURST OF EXERTION, THE  
DOCTOR HURLED HIMSELF UPON THE FLAILING CORPSE.

W-WHAT STRENGTH!  
BY JOVE! WHAT  
STRENGTH!

AGHHHHH!



Did *IT*, this *FANNE*, lure the frustrated genius *RAVENSON* to his death? WHITELY is dead! THE DOCTOR IS DEAD! BUT WHERE IS THE *FANNE*? WHERE?? WHERE IS IT RIGHT NOW?



# THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Well, well... looks like it's time for me to stop stirring the evil brew in my cauldron, and stir up a few merry remarks concocted by you—the readers of this, my very own **BLOOD-CHILLING** magazine! Your letter also, pleases of the **HAUNT OF FEAR** warms my shivering heart, and I shall earnestly strive to continue bringing the very best in **FEARFUL FICTIONS**! Oh, incidentally, if this is the last time you've read my magazine, it is probably because my regular **HORROR-HAPPY** readers **GOSPELED** up the previous lot of as fast as they were put on the stands! So ask your newsdealer to order a few more in at time if you can't get your own **HAIR-RAISING** copy! And now for the **MAD-MAN**!

Dear Old Witch,

I only wish I had found **THE HAUNT OF FEAR** sooner! Words cannot express my gratitude to you for publishing such a merry-lose magazine! It is the best in horror, suspense, and terror! You asked me which story I liked the best! **EVERY LAST ONE WAS THE BEST!**

Miss Barbara Williams  
Chicago 49, Ill.

Thank you, Barbara, for your slightly complimentary letter! Of course, you under-rate my magazine... it's much better than the **WEAK** words you have used to describe it! Oh—and please don't use the words **HORROR** and **TERRO**—these silly words belong to those two tellers of **FAIRY TALES**, **THE CRYPT-KEEPER** and **THE VAULT-KEEPER**!

Dear Old Witch,

I derive much enjoyment and pleasure from reading your book! Being a Navy **NEURO-PSYCHIATRIC TECHNICIAN**, I would like to point out that your stories not only test the intelligence, but I love them for describing the **PROGNOSTIC ASPECTS** as well as **DIAGNOSTIC VALUES**. It is my contention that material of this kind aids the doctor greatly in the field of mental-dis-ease and psychological disorders, and would prevent further misconstruction and misinterpretations of mental difficulties!

William E. Galtrop  
N.Y.-U.S.N.

Who—? ME? Doing all that? Anchors aweigh! Always did like the **NAVY**! ME... helping all these handsome sailors! Well,

scraps off my **SARRACLES** and call me **RIDGE-WATER BESSIE**, the **BAG** of the **RAT-TLEWAGONS**!

My dearest Old Hag,

You **MUST** settle this question once and for all! That purveyor of nursery-fiction, the Keeper of the **CRYPT OF TERROR**, claims that you are his **GHOUL-FRIEND**! As you and I both know, this is preposterous! Once at the offices of our mutual publisher, you called me "**HAUSEATING OLD BUREARD**"... and it was then that I realized you loved ME! So publicly proclaim ME to be the **GRAB-APPLE** of your **BLOODSHOT EYES**, dearest! (The **CRYPT-KEEPER** said that your stories are colder than baby-soup, and that they put old women to sleep at night!)

THE VAULT-KEEPER  
VAULT OF HORROR, U.S.A.

Dearest Old Crow,

The Keeper of the **VAULT OF HORROR**, that lollipop teller of milk-toast tales, has announced that you are his **BITTER-HEART**! WE know that is **POPPYCOCK**, don't we! Once you said to me, "**GAD, YOU REVOLT ME!**" I knew at once that it was **LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT**! So tell the world—spew it forth from your crooked toothless mouth... that it is I who be the **CREEPY MONSTER** of your **NIGHTMARES**! (The **VAULT-KEEPER** said that your magazine wouldn't make a bowl of golden quaver during an earthquake... that it makes duffer reading than a telephone directory!)  
THE CRYPT-KEEPER  
CRYPT OF TERROR, U.S.A.

Are you two decayed old delinquents **KID-DING**? Why I wouldn't be caught **ALIVE** with either of you! With all the vampires and werewolves living in the **HAUNT OF FEAR**, how can you **CREEPS** expect to **RATE**? See... one little **COMPLIMENT** and you **OLD COOTS** become **CASANOVAS**... great lovers! Why don't you go bury each other—alive?

So, dear reader, when you feel lonely enough to hold a pen, why don't you write me? Tell me what-kind of stories you like the best! Address your letters to: The Old Witch, Box 705, Dept. 17, 325 Lafayette St., N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.



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# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



HEH-HEH! WELL...WE REST AGAIN? COME IN? COME IN! I AM THE OLD WITCH...MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, MY VERY OWN MAGAZINE, I LIGHT THE FIRE BENEATH MY CAULDRON...AND AS THE EERIE GLOW, I DREW FOR YOU ANOTHER TALE ABOUT THE INHABITANTS OF MY HORRIBLE ABODE...THE VAMPIRES...THE WEREWOLVES...THE SHAPELESS GHOSTS...

THIS TIME, DUE TO THE MANY REQUESTS I HAVE RECEIVED, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A STRANGE TALE ABOUT TWO MEN WHO ARE THE EDITORS OF THE E.C. COMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY, AND HOW THEY ENCOUNTERED...

## HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS!

MY STORY BEGINS ON A DARK, DISMAL NIGHT! THE CITY IS ASLEEP! THE BUILDINGS STAND COLD AND BARE LIKE TOMBSTONES IN A CROWDED CEMETERY! ALL IS SILENT! ALL IS DARKNESS, EXCEPT FOR A SINGLE LIGHTED WINDOW, HIGH UP IN ONE BUILDING, THE OFFICES OF THE E.C. COMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY! INSIDE...TWO MEN BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF.



"OWEN, AL? LET'S GET ON HOME!"

"I'LL PUT OUT THE LIGHTS, BILL! BE RIGHT WITH YOU!"

"YEP, BILL! 'MODERN LOVE' IS FINALLY FINISHED! AND... RIGHT ON THE DEADLINE, TOO..."

THE LIGHTS ARE PUT OUT, AND ALL THE DOORS ARE LOCKED! THE TWO MEN TURN AND MAKE THEIR WAY SLOWLY DOWN ALONG DARK CORRIDOR... THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS...

PRETTY SCRE AMOUND  
HERE AT NIGHT, EH,  
BILL?

H-M-M-M! THAT GIVES  
ME AN IDEA!

THE RUMOR OF THE ELEVATOR APPROACHING BREAKS THE  
THICK SILENCE...

WHAT KIND OF AN  
IDEA, BILL?

WELL, TERROR, HORROR! SON!  
THAT WOULD BE TERRIFIC!  
HORROR IN COMICS!

THE ELEVATOR BEGINS TO DESCEND,  
CARRYING THE TWO MEN DOWN  
TOWARD THE DARK STREETS BELOW

YOU MEAN *GREEPY*?  
STORIES, LIKE  
GHOSTS AND  
STUFF?

SURE! I  
BET THAT'S  
SO OVER  
RIP!

THE SILENCE IN THE STREET IS  
SHATTERED AS THE DOOR TO THE  
BUILDING SLAMS SHUT... AND THE  
TWO MEN START TO WALK...

HAY! OUR READERS  
WOULDN'T GO FOR  
HORROR STORIES!

I DON'T KNOW  
ABOUT THAT!  
EVERYBODY  
LIKES A  
GOOD GHOST  
STORY!

THEY TURN THE CORNER AND  
CROSS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE...

A-A-AH! NONGY!  
KIND-OF TRASH!

MAYBE THEY DON'T  
BELIEVE 'EM, BUT  
I'LL BET THEY'D  
LIKE THEM!

HEY, BILL! DON'T TURN  
AROUND... BUT I THINK  
WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

HUH?

THE CLACKETY-CLACK OF QUICK FOOTSTEPS ECHOES  
UP AND DOWN THE SILENT PACES OF THE COLO BUILD-  
INGS, AS THE TWO MEN INCREASE THEIR SPEED...

IT... HE... IT'S *STILL* JAWND  
GO! WHERE IN THE BLAZES  
DO YOU PARK YOUR CAR?

DOWN THIS STREET!  
GHOH!



THE TWO TERRIFIED MEN SCAMPER DOWN THE YAWNING BLACK HOLE - AS THE CLACK-CLACK OF THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND THEM GROW LOUDER - LOUDER





SUDDENLY, THE HYSTERICAL BARTING OF THE PERSON ABOVE THEM STOPS, AND QUICK FOOTSTEPS GURRY AWAY IN THE STREET?





BLINDLY THE TWO MEN RUSH FROM THE HARBORING  
SIGHT OF THE DECAYED CORPSE SLUSHING THROUGH  
THE STERN FALLING CRAWLING FEAR FEAR  
IN THEIR HEARTS... FEAR IN THEIR MINDS... FEAR  
AND HORROR PURSUING THEM







MEANWHILE, THE OTHER GUY, BILL, FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE DIMLY-LIT ROOM, FACING HIS CAPTOR.



ALL IS STILL NOW IN THE MUSTY TUNNELS BENEATH THE STREETS! ALL THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL BRICKING OF A RAT! THEN... A SPLASH! AND ANOTHER! SOMEONE IS COMING!

AL? WHERE ARE YOU?



DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL... ANOTHER SPLASH IS HEARD!

BILL? IS THAT YOU?



BOY, I WAS NEVER HAPPIER TO SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE! LISTEN TO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING!



...AND SO THIS CREEP WHO CALLED HIMSELF THE KEEPER OF THE CRYPT OF TERROR STUCK A CONTRACT UNDER MY NOSE! WHAT COULD I DO? I SIGNED IT!

GUESS? YOU TOO? LOOK! I SIGNED ONE WITH SOME FIEND CALLED THE KEEPER OF THE VAULT OF HORROR!



WELL, AL? THEY GOT US! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO PURSUE THEIR STUFF!

COME ON, BILL. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! WELL... ALMOST! PERHAPS YOU'RE WONDERING WHO IT WAS THAT FOLLOWED THE TWO EDITORS AND FORCED THEM TO ENTER THAT

HORROR SEWER? WELL... THAT WAS ME... THE OLD WITCH! AND WHEN I LET THEM OUT AGAIN, THEY HAD TO PAY MY FEE... AND THAT'S HOW THE HAUNT OF FEAR WAS BORN! THAT'S HOW I GOT MY CONTRACT! AND NOW YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY BEHIND THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE CRYPT OF TERROR, AND THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE! BYE, NOW!



THE TERRIFIED EDITORS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHICH STORY IN THIS MAGAZINE YOU LIKED BEST! VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE!

1. NIGHTMARE! A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY!
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